taste like heaven (built for sin)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/56015395.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Father, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Priest Kink, Alternate Universe - Medieval, Young Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Abusive Parents, Abused Will Graham, Religious Fanaticism, Religious Guilt, Male Homosexuality, Soul Selling, Metaphors, Manipulation, Explicit Sexual Content, Daddy Dom Hannibal Lecter, Daddy Kink, Brat Will Graham, Restraints, Bondage and Discipline, Rough Sex, No Lube, Creampie, Exhibitionism, Semi-Public Sex, Spanking, Dacryphilia, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-05-19 Words: 10,504 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Beau Graham is having problems with his young son and his... Proclivities...

He seeks help from Father Lecter, unknowing of the man's ulterior motives.

Will Graham gets the attention of an obsessive, possesive God.

Notes

It's here. The brainworms have gotten worse. I'M HAVSHBDKD GOING INSANEE.

See the end of the work for more notes

Beau Graham was a God-fearing man.

He had always been so, that's what his parents had taught him to be — religious and faithful.

Everything in his life was all according to God's plan. When Beau got married to his neighborhood sweetheart, he had praised the Lord's name. And when that same sweetheart had died after birthing his child, he was just as faithful, chalking it up to divine intervention. Perhaps he would have been miserable with her later in their marriage.

Beau sought to teach his son everything he had learnt from *his* parents about God and his mysterious ways.

However, this is where problems for Beau Graham started. For no reason that Beau could understand, his son, William, *Willie, Will,* his babyboy, seemed hell-bent on defying God's natural world.

It had been one, too many times that Beau had caught Will eyeing boys in the chapel when he should have been praying. Once he had sent the boy to the market to come back with soap and bread but when he hadn't come back even when twilight fell on the town, Beau had gone out in search for his boy, only to find him conversing with a man in a dark corner of the tavern and at that point — Beau was at his wits' end.

Nothing he did deterred the boy from giving himself up to the devil.

It was an abomination. To consort with a man on such a personal level and yet Beau's son seemed determined to tarnish the Lord's image in such a way. He had repeatedly tried to marry his son off to a girl from a respectable family but that too, was in vain. They were *poor*, if Will couldn't win over a girl on his own then it would be near impossible for him to marry a girl in their village. Usually, Will was too erratic to talk with people, he couldn't look them in the eye, most of the people in the village thought he was cursed and Beau had no idea how to rectify the image if Will didn't even want to put in the effort.

It was unacceptable, Beau couldn't handle this new test of faith the lord had provided him. No matter the beatings, isolation and starvation that Beau tried to inflict on his son in a fit of desperation to let the boy see the way of the Lord, none of it worked.

Will would seem to be cured of his propensity towards the male body for a while but then he would go right back to eyeing strangers with a sort of hunger that Beau couldn't fathom.

Their village was on the way to the capital and thus all kinds of men visited their small abode, looking for a place to rest their weary bodies and feed their horses. Beau made a decent living on good days with his stable and by looking after the horses of the rich men from the capital — the only downside being that the men from the capital were filthy, sinful and it was as if they could smell the devil's mark on Will.

They flocked to him like flies buzzing around a corpse and Will, his son, *so* starved of affection, would preen in their company. Beau had to make sure that he locked the boy in his room at night because he knew that Will would find a way to hell without Beau's protection.

He wasn't being paranoid, he could understand the leer in the eyes of those men when they looked at Will, shorter than the average man, his arms skinnier than average, skin pale and blue eyes that seemed to shine under the sun. The way his curly hair bounced, the way his behind was plumper than it should have been. He could see the desire men had for Will and he could understand that Will wanted them *right back* .

It was all just too much for the old man's heart and thus, he sought expert help.

He went to the apothecary, begging for help. The old woman who handled the herbs only shook her head in helplessness. Beau was about to lose all hope when she remembered about a priest. There was only one church near their village, it was 3 days away on horseback and it was perhaps the only church with an ordained priest.

The apothecary told Beau that the priest was famous for helping the bereaved and the hopeless, he would often conduct masses for the people, and help restore the faith of those who had gone astray, a beacon of faith to the people of the land and Beau's last hope.

Otherwise, he would have no other option than to disown his own *only* son, left to live out the rest of his life – lonely and with no one to care for him.

He didn't want that, and so he asked Will to sit in the wagon as the father-son duo made their way to the church, to *beg* Father Lecter for help.

It was a tumultuous journey, since the two of them lived in the wilderness area, surviving on just managing the stables to get enough money to get by, sometimes even fishing to get food on their table.

The few times Will was normal enough, both of them would venture into the forest for a hunting trip and come back with deer. Beau didn't think of himself as a bad father but Will's curse was a big thorn in the normal life that Beau had planned. Beau wanted a big family, he wanted to see his son married and he wanted to play with his grandkids, teaching them how to look after horses, how to hunt and how to fish, he wanted to see them live a happy healthy life and he wanted Will to be happy — which wouldn't be possible if Will gives himself up to sin.

He wasn't sure if Father Lecter would be able to help but Beau *had* to try, to get his son to be normal and follow God's set path.

Will becomes more cranky as the road trip continues. He had already threatened to jump out of the wagon and run away several times and Beau had no choice but to tie him up because he was sure the boy controlled by the Devil would not hesitate.

And that is how they reached the church.

It was the most beautiful building in the town, Beau suddenly got newfound vigor, perhaps *finally* his son would come back to normal. He ignored Will's grumblings and pleas to be untied. And left him in the wagon as he walked towards the church.

‘ *Here goes nothing,* ’ Beau thought. He prayed to God that Father Lecter would take pity on him and help his son — if not, perhaps it would be time to disown his son once and for all.

As he thought that he strolled into the church.

Hannibal Lecter didn't know his ruse of being a man of God would be *this* successful.

He had been living in that shabby town for a while now, preying on the people, with them being none the wiser.

Lord only knew how many murders that happened around them that were linked to him. Hannibal was very satisfied with his way of living, it was the right balance of conspicuousness and grand — he had never thought that the ordinance from the Vatican would help him in such a meaningful way, make people trust Hannibal without even a hint of doubt, if he had known about the blindness of the people with faith beforehand then he would have followed through with the wishes of his orphanage directors sooner.

He was lighting candles in the church, as it would soon be time for the evening prayer and Hannibal wasn't anything if not determined to follow through with his deceit, he'd make sure to pretend to be *such* a good Priest that no one would ever suspect him, it was the best case scenario and Hannibal would make sure to enjoy his life to the fullest.

He had no remorse for the things he did, he knew most priests were even worse; he was just taking advantage of the things given to him by God, if someone had a problem with Hannibal's cruelty they only had their God to blame. Every human was made in the image of God, so that must include Hannibal and the monstrosity lurking deep within his heart.

And, it wasn't as if God didn't kill people all the time either — it was only a few years back that a church had collapsed on a few hundred people during the mass and God must have felt powerful then too, knowing he could kill humans according to his whims — in fact, Hannibal’s death too would be written by God, the power imbalance wouldn’t disappear just because Hannibal decided to kill someone rude to him, there were worse things in the world for God to answer for.

His sins outnumber Hannibal's deeds innumerably.

Hannibal was just about to finish lighting all of the candles when someone entered the church, it was much too soon for the man to be there for the prayer and so it was most definitely a sinner looking for a confession and Hannibal adored the age-old practice with every fiber in his being, he had come across several of the damned through confessionals and

he had guided more than a few to their proper becoming, it was just something he did out of charity in his heart.

Hannibal put down the candle in his hand and smiled towards the visitor. He looked haggard and wild, but he didn't look like a murderer, Hannibal could tell those with their hands tinged with blood at one glance and the scruffy man in front of him had the propensity for violence but never murder, it would prove too much for him — he was a coward who took to bullying people weaker than him in an attempt to establish natural order, not knowing that according to natural order he should have been dead a long time ago.

Hannibal tried to not let prejudices cloud his judgement, the man hadn't done anything that deemed getting killed… Yet.

"Father Lecter?" The man asked, panting a bit and Hannibal nodded, wondering what this was all about, he couldn't help but let his curiosity be piqued.

"Yes, how can this servant of God help you?" The man smiled, joyous to the point of tears and Hannibal was getting more and more impatient to find out why this man was looking for him, because if he even showed a tinge of suspicion, Hannibal wouldn't hesitate to kill him.

"I need you to help my son. Please. You're my last hope." Hannibal frowned, it was true that he had learnt medicine in his youth but that was not public knowledge and he had never showcased his medical expertise to anyone in the town.

"What's the problem with him? Can you lead me to him?" Hannibal asked, he'd give the man a chance, perhaps heal the child before killing both of them if the man didn't give a good enough answer as to how he had known about Hannibal dabbling in medicine. The man nodded enthusiastically and walked towards the wagon he had left outside, with his son tied up in it.

Hannibal looked at the wagon quizzically, as he could hear a man's groans coming from inside and the man beside him offered no explanation, Hannibal wondered if it was a case of possession and then scoffed inside his head, he was sure nothing of that sort existed but he couldn't help but feel curious, perhaps he'd use the opportunity to conduct experiments on the possessed man, in the name of exorcisms — it was hard to get hold of men alive that no one would miss.

The scruffy man beside him didn't look like someone who'd care in the long term about *anyone* other than himself.

Beau led the priest to his wagon and gestured towards his son, “This is William, I think he has been possessed by the Devil. Please Father Lecter, you're my only hope.”

Hannibal raised his eyebrow and then pulled apart the tarp on the wagon so that he could look at his experiment-subject.

However, as soon as he looked upon the boy — because he was a *boy,* no more than 16 but younger than an adult, somewhere in between — with his light scruffy face, black curly hair and *beautiful, dazzling azure eyes,* all earlier thoughts escaped Hannibal.

He was *captivated,* absolutely enthralled with the boy tied up with ropes, too tight for his good, Hannibal could see the boy's soft skin getting chafed by the ropes, turning red and he could imagine the scars, Hannibal thought of the boy to be delectable. He didn't believe in the divine but perhaps ethereal was the only way to describe such a human specimen. He was mum, dumbstruck by the boy's beauty, unable to understand how in the hell was he possessed by the devil when it should be Hannibal. He should possess the boy, not some mediocre devil that wouldn't match up to him.

Oh, heavens forbid, he'll make a meal out of the boy if he could.

“Help me!” The boy pleaded, his bright blue eyes had tears accumulating in them and Hannibal wanted to see more, he wanted to see him wail, beg, down on his knees, not praying to any God but *him* . Hannibal wanted, no, *needed* to consume the boy down to his bones.

He felt dizzy from the sudden impact of lust that filled his body and had to look away to keep calm.

“Of course, my boy,” He assured the boy who seemed to gasp at being called ‘*my boy*', Hannibal bit the inside of his cheek because they itched to bite the boy and he couldn't do

that… *Yet*.

He turned to the father and tried to seem polite but he wasn't, he wanted to kill the man in front of him, the one who had forsaken a literal gift by God, heavens knew not what Hannibal would have done if this boy was *his son* , perhaps things that would have redefined the shallow description of sin.

“Why do you think he is possessed? He looks of firm mind to me,” Beau shook his head instantly and pinched the bridge of his nose. Exasperated and tired, Hannibal wanted to kill the man more, how dare he tire of such beauty given to him by the Grace of God?

“Father Lecter, I dare not silly your ears with his deeds, but let us just say he follows not, the path of God. Men buzz around him like flies and like a delicate flower he preens in their attention, he doesn't want to marry. Help me make him realize his place in the world.”

The boy didn't make any noise but looked with a slight tremor of rage in his eyes at his supposed father, Hannibal's head rang with the sound of bells because he couldn't believe that fate had somehow blessed him with a gem. He wouldn't even need to break in the boy, as he was already inclined towards men, and Hannibal was *sure* that the boy would appreciate a man of Hannibal's dimensions.

“He's lying! I've *never* —” The boy hiccuped through his confession and Hannibal understood at once that the boy hadn't been touched in any place yet, Hannibal was pleased, he had to rectify that situation as soon as possible.

“You shut up boy! You whore yourself out to the devil and you didn't think I would find out?” Beau yelled, tears in his eyes about his own lack of protection that had somehow led his son to mingle with the devil — he didn't know how correct he was.

“Please, Mister…”

“Beau, Beau Graham.”

Hannibal nodded and kept a firm hand on the man's shoulder. He didn't want to but he had to convince the man to give up his son to him as soon as possible. There was a pit in Hannibal's stomach, hungry to taste the boy's flesh, his soft lips in his mouth, his tongue over his own. He couldn't wait much longer to devour the boy.

“Mister Graham, the accusations you lodge against your son are quite extreme, have you confirmed with your eyes things that can testify your claims?”

Beau nodded. “More than once…”

Hannibal grinned inside his head, today might have been the luckiest day for him and through sheer habit he thanked God for the meal he had delivered right upon Hannibal's doorstep.

“Then it is more severe than I was expecting… I am sorry, I cannot do anything for him.”

Beau’s jaw opened in shock and he gaped, and then spewed a litany of *‘no, no, please, no* ’.

“Is there no other way?” Beau asked, desperate, and Hannibal pounced on that weakness.

“There is one way, but I do not presume to think that you would like it…”

“Anything! Father Lecter, anything would work but please, help us.”

Hannibal looked towards the boy who has been silently crying for a while now, beautiful drops of tears escaped his eyes and Hannibal had to will himself to not get a boner right then and there, he wanted to tear open Williams' chest and make a home for himself inside the boy's chest.

“Leave him with me. Forget your son exists. I could probably train him to take the path of God under my strict guidance. But once he does that, he will not be your son anymore, but a

servant of God. You will not be able to meet him anymore, for he must abandon everything from his past life, that is the only way."

Beau gasped in shock and the boy too let out a soft exhale, Hannibal didn't purposefully look at the boy lest he scare him, because he was sure that his eyes were ablaze with lust and infatuation.

"Is there no other way?" Hannibal shook his head, solemn.

"I'm afraid not, Mister Graham…" Beau looked at his son and chewed on the skin of his lips, Hannibal took that opportunity to stare at William.

He saw the boy stare back, defiant, and minx-like. However, Hannibal saw through that contumacy, he could see the boy's deep need to be cared for, to be loved and used like a cock-sleeve, a submissive pet, never to be shared and abandoned, all for Hannibal — to keep and destroy and mend together, all day, everyday.

Beau mulled it over, he wanted the priest to help so that he could get his normal both back but perhaps it was too high an expectation, he didn't know what Father Lecter intended to do with his son but he had an inkling that he might turn the man into a priest like himself and so Beau wasn't too scared over the boy's survival; he was unsure if he wanted to give the boy up completely though, and decided soon that it was probably for the better if he *did* , there was no telling when the boy might get into a scandal and if things continued the way they did then the villagers might even kill Beau while they were at it, deemed him the source of Will's devilish nature and nodded.

Hannibal smiled, a genuine one and nodded. He brought out from the church, paper with a few conditions written on them, Beau didn't know how to read and thus signed the contract without checking much, Hannibal laughed at the irony of it all inside his head.

Custody of William safely transferred to Hannibal, he carefully pulled the boy away from the wagon in a bridal carry and led him inside the church. William — *Will* as Hannibal had decided to call the boy, since a nickname suited the boy more — screamed and struggled but Hannibal paid no attention to the feeble attempts of the boy to get away, he wouldn't ever let go of what he had claimed for himself and there was always time for training and punishments.

What Will needed at that moment was someone he could trust, and Hannibal would make sure to do just that.

Beau Graham went back to his home, thinking naively to himself that he would be able to meet his son once he grew old but that day never came. Father Lecter went off to another country after a week and Beau Graham never saw his son again, he wondered how his son was faring and prayed that he was safe and healthy and following the path of God.

After a few years, Beau Graham was found dead in the lake near his house, the cause of his death was mysterious but most assumed that the man drank himself to death in joy of having his son come back on the path of the Lord. People never got to know the reality of the situation however, since William Graham never showed his face anywhere.

The villagers chalked the whole affair to something of a legend, a cautionary tale on how to think twice before abandoning the God.

They never knew the *actual truth.*

Hannibal closed the door of the church and picked up Will again to bring him to his sleeping quarters.

Will didn't struggle this time when Hannibal touched him and he wondered if the boy was simply touch starved, it wouldn't be outlandish for him to be so, since he had seen the boy's father and could tell that the boy grew up most of his life unloved in the best case scenario and abused in the worst case.

Hannibal let his eyes roam around the boy's body, and wasn't surprised to see small bruises all over, he had to clench his jaw so that the boy wouldn't notice Hannibal's wrath exuding off his skin.

Will looked at Hannibal and tried to get his heart beat in control, he didn't know what would happen now, his father had literally given up his son to a stranger because he couldn't handle him anymore — Will felt like crying — he looked at the priest whose arms he was in, and shivered when he saw the man's jaw clenching, his eyes were steely and Will feared for his life.

He didn't want to be beaten or imprisoned anymore in the name of religion, he wanted to be free but how can he get away when he was still bound? Will bit his lips and tried to squirm again but still when the priest put the slightest pressure on his arms.

He didn't want to anger the person who was legally his guardian at this point.

“What are you going to do with me?” Will asks, hesitant and unsure if he should speak. Hannibal smiles, tries to be polite and understanding towards the boy who was obviously traumatized. Hannibal wanted to do a lot of things with the boy but now wasn't the time, he had to make sure that the boy saw him as a savior before Hannibal could ravage the boy.

“For now I'm going to draw up a bath so that you may clean your body and then we'll have dinner.”

Will blinked and looked at Hannibal, confused. Gathering that Hannibal hadn't actually answered Will's question, but also he couldn't for the life of him get what the priest was trying to achieve.

“What…?”

Hannibal entered his bathroom, and gingerly placed the boy on a stool kept near the bathtub. Will looked alarmed at the bathtub, he hadn't seen one in his entire life and was unsure why a Priest had a bathtub when even some people from the town didn't have one so it didn't make sense that Hannibal would have one.

“Do you know my name?” Hannibal asks in the lieu of making conversation as he slowly unties the rope binding Will.

Will nods, “Father Lecter… My dad talked about you healing me…” Will didn't notice it but Hannibal's fingers stilled for a split second while he was untying the rope when Will called Hannibal ‘*Father*.’

“Hannibal Lecter,” Hannibal nods and moves to fill the bathtub with warm water. “Do you know what illness your father was talking about?” Will narrowed his eyes, he was there when Beau was talking about Will's proclivities so why ask now?

‘Perhaps he wants to hear me admit it…’ Will thought, distressed and sighed as he looked down at his feet. The ropes weren't binding him anymore but he still felt constricted.

“I like men. I yearn for their bodies. I have no interest in women or fathering children.” Hannibal hums distractedly and doesn't react outright, Will relaxes just a smidge.

“We’ll look for a way to tackle this situation of yours in time, for now, you are safe from your father. You can unwind here without worries. Please, take a long relaxing bath, I'll get started on dinner.”

Will gaped in disconcertment, he didn't know why Hannibal was being so accommodating to a sick person like him but he couldn't be more thankful. He nodded and started undressing slowly, not noticing once again Hannibal's dark and heavy gaze on him, when Will looked back Hannibal had already averted his gaze and was picking up the rope and getting out of the bathroom.

“Oh, do you know how old you are?” Will nodded at that question, he didn't wonder why the Priest wanted to know, he was already thinking that the man before him was a messiah sent just for him.

“I turn 18 in a year,” Hannibal nodded and got out of the room before Will could see his smug smile.

Hannibal couldn't believe his fate, that had been so gracious to him, with things he wanted to subject the boy to blossoming in his mind Hannibal quickly set to prepare food. It would be time for the evening prayer after they are but the night was long and the two of them had plenty of time to get accustomed to each other, he only hoped that that boy would be good and not think about running away because if he did, once Hannibal catches him again, he'll shed off his human skin like a stag sheds its antlers.

Hannibal made sure to provide the boy with new clothes from his closet, A long shirt that would prove to be much too huge on the boy's thin frame, on purpose of course, underwear and shorts that would be too short on Will's thighs and keep riding up.

Hannibal almost didn't want to give Will the shorts but he had to be careful to not scare the boy away before he could get Will hooked on Hannibal's flesh.

When Will came out of the bathroom, Hannibal had to remember how to breathe because the sudden urge to jump the poor boy and take him raw on the hardwood floor was too hard to ignore. Will cleared his throat, awkward and unsure on how to act and his cheeks were red, Hannibal was only strong enough to stop a groan from slipping at the the most crucial point.

“Why do you have a bathtub? I thought only royalty were rich enough to have one in their home…”

Hannibal smiled and gestured to the boy to sit on the dining table. Will's eyes widened at the cutlery as they were made of steel and not wood like he was accustomed to.

“Who said I am not royalty?” Will gasped and looked at Hannibal with fear in his eyes and also suspicion, Hannibal remembered that most villagers didn't take well to being in the presence of royalty.

“I'm not from here but I am royalty where I was born.” Hannibal reassures the boy and Will nods, a little more at ease.

“What are you then?”

“A count.” Will almost drops his fork and knife, and blinks owlishly at the priest in front of him, eating his food silently and with a smirk on his face.

“Why did you become a priest then?” Hannibal hums in thought and looks with pride at the boy who was at the moment trying his best to mimic the way Hannibal was holding the utensils and how he was cutting the food and eating it. It warmed his heart that the boy thought of him as a good enough role model to mimic him.

“I was bored I suppose?” Will frowned and swallowed before he talked, Hannibal couldn't help but feel the boy was an angel.

“I don't think that's something a priest should say…”

“And I don't think you should have been abused. Yet, here we are.”

Will cringed at the thoughts of the past and sighed as he nodded, “here we are.”

Hannibal got up from the table, his meal already done. “I need to conduct the evening prayer now, you don't need to join. You can relax here in my quarters. We'll talk about your problems when I get back.”

“Can I wash the dishes?” Will asks suddenly and Hannibal frowns.

“If, and *only if* you want to. I don't want you to repay my kindness by running errands. This is your home now, you can relax here.”

Will blushes at the accurate analysis of what he wanted to do but he nods, understanding that Hannibal's charity was from the goodness of his heart.

“I still *want to!”* Will reiterates and Hannibal nods, showing the ropes to Will so that he can wash his dishes according to Hannibal's wishes and he leaves the boy to the task as he go back into the church to make sure the people of the church know that he might be busy for a few days with his new pupil.

The people congratulate him on getting an apprentice and Hannibal smiles at the naivety because they would never know what he plans to do with the boy tonight.

All throughout the prayer all Hannibal can think about is spreading the boy underneath him and fucking him hard and slow and all the boy could say was Hannibal's name or even moaning out ‘ *father’* sweetly, like he had in the bathroom.

Only God knows how much Hannibal wanted to slide his cock inside Will's mouth when he heard him calling Hannibal Father. Every time Hannibal looks towards the altar all he can envision is how pretty the boy would look, leaking Hannibal's cum from his hole right under God's statue.

It would be wonderful to have the boy's flesh as one last offering in the church before the two of them go back to Hannibal's home. Now that he had found the boy, being a priest did not seem as satisfying as it had been just a few hours ago.

No longer would Hannibal be content with living a boring life, murdering rude people — Now he wanted to explore the entire earth with the boy in tow, show him that there were worse sins than yearning for the male body, he'd make sure the boy experiences all the vices there are to participate in.

As soon as the prayer is done, Hannibal is saying his farewells to the people who had joined him in the church and hastens to his quarters.

It was time to train his pretty boy into becoming the best toy, made solely for Hannibal's sake.

Will is sitting in front of the fire, the fireplace was roaring. Will had been busy during the prayer. The dishes are washed, the floor too seemed clean and Will has already found Hannibal's collection of books.

Hannibal is pleasantly surprised to find that the boy can read, he raises one of his eyebrows in astonishment when he comes down to find Will, intensely focusing on one the several medical journals that Hannibal had procured during his youth. Will is fascinated with the book and it makes Hannibal want to bully the boy until he cries prettily.

“I didn't know you could read,” Will smiles, abashed and licking his lips in anxiety, he wasn't given the permission to snoop through Hannibal's books so he didn't know if it was okay for him to read.

He shrugs half-heartedly, “I learned on my own. I didn't know when dad would disown me so I had to make sure I could find a way to survive…”

Will looks down at the book, melancholic as he remembers how badly he just wanted to fit in with the rest of world and how his father had punished him for things not entirely in his control, he didn't know why he liked men, couldn't fathom why to save his own skin and Beau Graham had terrorized him nonetheless, for the crime of simply existing.

Hannibal hums but doesn't say anything, instead goes to his bedroom and shuts the door. Will’s face falls even further, thinking that he had finally appalled the priest enough and he had reached the end of his rope.

Will wondered if he should go away since Hannibal too would most likely abandon him, he should run far from this place and try and make a living without revealing to anyone about his inclinations. Perhaps, he would be able to live a life of pretend eventually, a lot of men in the town certainly excelled at such a ruse.

Will who had been ruminating on such dark thoughts was suddenly pulled from his reverie when Hannibal stepped out from his room.

Hannibal had been wearing official priest clothing the entire day, something that was too restricting and didn't enhance any of the man's natural features, however, after the evening prayer no one visited the church, most who visited were happy with praying on their own in the pews and did not need a priest supervising them.

So, as he stepped out of his room Hannibal was in casual clothing — clothing that accentuated all of Hannibal's previously hidden body parts and Will's mouth was suddenly dry.

He didn't dare to look, he couldn't look at Hannibal's chest because he was only wearing a flimsy cotton white shirt, the first two buttons undone, he couldn't handle looking at Hannibal's pants either because he was wearing tight pants that accentuated his thick thighs and hard dick.

Will averted his eyes, knowing that he was blushing, the nape of his neck was heating up. He tried not to clear his throat because he knew that if he did that then Hannibal would know what thoughts he was thinking about.

Hannibal smirked at Will's attraction that was palpable and instead of sitting on the chair in front of Will he stood in front of him and looked down at the boy.

"Uhm…" Will didn't know what Hannibal wanted to do but he was pinned by the older man's stare, suddenly fear was holding Will's body hostage, perhaps the priest was not as good as Will had thought before, perhaps Will should have ran away the first chance he had, because now he could see that he was in trouble.

Hannibal's eyes that were kind and beautiful before, now had in them *hunger* that Will couldn't possibly begin to understand.

"We may now begin understanding your problems, Will." Will gulped and nodded, unable to move his body now matter how much his brain was screaming at him to do so. Will could feel his heartbeat inside his ears, roaring and he was sure that all of his blood was rushing to somewhere it shouldn't go.

“What is your ailment?” Hannibal asks, his voice soft and deep, like the thrum of an animal’s purr in the dark night.

“I —” Will licked his lips, “I like men.”

Hannibal hums and doesn't move, he stands ridgid like a statue, looking down at Will as if he were an insect — Will's stomach twists and turns, he doesn't know why but he feels breathless, as if he had just ran several miles.

“What do you like about them?”

Will gasps when Hannibal finally moves to caress Will's cheeks, his fingers come in contact with Will's ears and all the boy can do is shiver and let out a shaky exhale as he closes his eyes.

“Will,” Hannibal’s voice is stern and demanding and Will opens his eyes that he hadn't realized he'd closed. “Focus.”

Will nods but he has already forgotten the question long ago, Hannibal's hand is striking Will's cheek still, sometimes his fingers dipping to Will's neck in a hypnotizing manner. Hannibal smiles wolfishly, knowing full well what Will was going through but presenting no solution, only exacerbating Will's struggle.

“What do you like about men, William?”

“I don't know…” Will stutters and Hannibal hums in thought and then his hands slide to Will's neck, the clavicle and then Hannibal's thumb is brushing on that bone and Will tries his damndest to not melt into a puddle.

“Do you want to find out?” Hannibal asks sweetly and Will can only nod because how dare he say no to this being in front of him, so beautiful and majestic, someone who saved him

from his abusive dad, someone who can show him how good the male body can make him feel.

Will licks his lips again, “Yes.”

Hannibal smiles, the corner of his eyes wrinkling and Will feels like he's having an out of body experience. Hannibal's hand moves from Will's neck to his chin and then his thumb is caressing Will's lips.

Will's lips fall open on their own due to Hannibal's ministrations. Hannibal brings another hand of his, forward and places it on Will's shoulder and then puts slight pressure on it.

Will gets the memo as he slowly but surely lifts himself off the chair and sinks to his knees, pliant and obedient, wondering what Hannibal will do next.

He knows what's coming next, of course he does… But that doesn't make it any less thrilling and scary — Hannibal keeps on watching from above, looking down on Will like a malicious God, perhaps if Will begged prettily enough the God would take pity and spare him, perhaps he'd be merciful in his slaughter.

“Have you seen another man's dick, Will?” Hannibal asks, voice still deep and soft and Will gasps at the filth that he wasn't sure Hannibal was even allowed to say but Will was too past caring, he *needed* . Needed what though — that was yet to be seen.

Will nods and moans in pain when Hannibal's hand which was on Will's shoulder tugs at Will's hair.

“Tell me about it,”

Will's voice shook, the fear was back in place, but he was so aroused at the same time, he saw murder and lust swimming in Hannibal's dark eyes and felt himself drown in the darkness of them.

“A man from town, he stayed at the inn near our stables, we gave each other a hand-job. That's it!” Will desperately yelled because the grip Hannibal had on his hair was getting too painful, Hannibal instantly eased up. His thumb was still caressing Will's lips gently, the juxtaposition of Hannibal's hands was making him feel dizzy.

“Did he fuck you?” Hannibal asks and Will can hear the edge of a razor sharp knife in it, Will shakes his head, quick and resolute.

“No! My dad caught us before that!” Hannibal hummed and took back his hand — both of them — Will whined when he was left without support.

He clenched his thighs together and looked down in surprise to find his cock swollen and leaking a bit of precum against the thin shorts and shirt material, something told Will that Hannibal did that on purpose.

“You've been a very wicked boy, Will. What you've done is a sin Will. This kind of behavior needs rectifying.” Hannibal clicks his tongue in admonishment and Will squirms as he tries to hide his face, suddenly overcome with tears. Hannibal brings his hand close to Will's chin again and forces with much too strength to look up.

Will jerks his head up but the motion is too jarring and his tears escape him.

Hannibal smiles upon seeing Will's tears and leans down. Will stops breathing for a few seconds, awaiting a kiss that never arrives. Hannibal instead licks away Will's tears and Will shudders at the pleasure he derives from the situation.

“Stay here.” Hannibal orders and promptly walks away.

Will waits there, on his knees, his legs falling asleep but he doesn't care, he is sure that it might be the worst mistake of his life if he gets up and runs away, he'll regret that for the rest of his life and so he had to stay, he *wanted* to stay, because frankly, *where else can he go* ?

Hannibal comes back with something like a handcuff in his hands, but they're rings with chains attached to them, Will notices.

“Put your hands behind your back as if you're praying.” Will blinks, unsure, Hannibal stares at him. He is waiting patiently, Will realizes and follows the instructions, hks back straightens out and his arms and thighs burn from exertion but the scene is yet to even begin.

Will startles when Hannibal stands behind Will and takes hold of his fingers to slip the rings on. Will doesn't know what Hannibal plans to do but he finds that he cannot open his hand all the way and is forced to keep them in a prayer motion.

Hannibal easily takes away Will's agency, and since Will's hands are bound behind his back, he cannot even bring them at the front, his arms already ache and so does his new posture that doesn't suit him at all.

“There we go,” Hannibal's smile is palpable through his voice and though Will cannot see Hannibal by turning his head he can hear it. Hannibal situates himself back in front of Will and his hands make their way to Will's chin and neck.

“You haven't ever taken a dick in your mouth, have you?” Will had been debating lying but that was such an easy answer that Will didn't even have to in the first place, but then the meaning of the question caught up to his brain and his eyes widened at Hannibal, he shook his head slowly and his body shook in anticipation.

“No, I've never — I'm —” Hannibal tuts and his hand that was in Will's neck slides to his hair.

He tugs, harsh and Will helps in pain, he opens his hands instinctively and cringes when that pains him too, joining his hands back again.

“Don't speak more than you're allowed, are we clear?” Will nods and Hannibal's hand eases up again.

Will is sure that his dick is painfully hard and straining against his shorts but he can't look because Will notices something much more interesting at his eye-level.

“Aren't you curious how a dick tastes? Perhaps getting satiated by one will make it so that you don't fantasize about men anymore…” Hannibal wonders out loud and Will’s eyes flirt from Hannibal's face to the dick in front of him, tenting against Hannibal's tight pants.

Will feels himself hyperventilate — he had envisioned this so many times in his head, he has had lewd dreams of sucking someone's cock and has come in his clothes like an animal in heat just thinking about it but now that this man was offering Will a taste, Will was unsure how to proceed.

Hannibal observed the boy and knew that he was feeling much too awkward for his own good and since it was his first time, Hannibal became a bit lenient.

He grabbed Will's chin and pulled him close to his groin. Let the boy's nose hit his dick, snug against him, inhaling Hannibal's scent.

“Relax, accommodate yourself. Take what you need. You're safe here.” Hannibal pats Will's curls and smiles when he feels the boy relax against his inner thigh.

Will inhales Hannibal's body scent and feels high, untethered to the real world, he nuzzles his nose into the man's abdomen and smiles when Hannibal's hand petting his hair doesn't stop. Will had closed his eyes but he opens then again the look at where there's a small patch of precum staining the pants.

Will gathers his courage and leans forward to lick against the wet patch with his tongue. It's only a kitten lick but Hannibal is very proud of the boy.

“Good boy,” he praised and the way Will mewls and tries to burrow further into Hannibal's groin confirms that the boy on his knees liked to be praised.

Hannibal keeps that fact to himself and keeps on petting Will's head.

Will, already feeling bolder than before, licks and tries sucking on Hannibal's hard-on through his pants and whines when he finds that he can't open Hannibal's pants himself and take his dick out since his hands are bound.

He looks up at Hannibal, a whine spilling out from his lips. Hannibal smiles brightly at how easily he had broken the boy to his whims and leans down to give him a reward.

They kiss. Will gasps prettily into Hannibal's mouth as the man kisses Will with a rabid fervor. It teeth, *too much* teeth and Hannibal had a bruising grip on Will's chin as he forces his tongue in and tries to suck Will's soul out through the mouth. Will squirms but eventually falls lax, Hannibal smirks against Will's lips and rewards him by making the kiss more enjoyable.

Will is breathless by the end of it, too turned on by just the sliding of Hannibal's tongue against his own inside his mouth and Hannibal's teeth biting into his lips and drawing blood. Will feels absolutely intoxicated and greedily gasps to take in oxygen and thus doesn't even realize that Hannibal has moved on to Will's neck and is sucking bruises on his skin. Only when Hannibal bites hard on Will's collar bone, drawing blood, his teeth marked engraved into Will's skin does Will gasp and tears leak out of his eyes.

Hannibal smiles and tries to placate the boy, licking away the salty tears yet again and taking his dick out of his pants to give the boy what he wanted.

Will looks in alarm at the size of the cock in front of him, his own was nothing compared to Hannibal, and suddenly he felt the dread gnaw on his bones again. Hannibal doesn't let the boy sulk with his anxious thoughts again and simply grabs the boy by his neck and guides him to his dick.

He does it slowly so as to not scare the boy too much and is rewarded for his patience when Will starts nuzzling Hannibal's length, smearing pre-cum all over his face and lips, Hannibal kneads the boy's nape approvingly.

Will finally opens his eyes and as he looks into Hannibal's eyes licks Hannibal's tip. Hannibal stifles the urge to grab Will's head by the curls and fuck into his hot, warm mouth with wild abandon.

“There you go,” Hannibal comments when finally, *finally* Will opens his mouth wide enough and sucks on Hannibal. The taste of cum on his tongue feels weird but not disgusting and so Will perseveres.

He sucks as much as he can, and wishes he could use his hands to handle the rest of Hannibal's length. For now, he makes do with his mouth and tries not to gag.

Hannibal commends the boy for trying his hardest but he drags Will off his dick with a pop; a string of saliva connecting the boy's red lips to his tip. He then uses his thumb and puts it against Will's lower teeth.

“Remember to use your teeth only a little. And swirl your tongue. Breathe through your nose.”

Will frowns at the advice but before he could the reason for it Hannibal manhandles Will back to his dick and instead of letting the boy set his own pace, this time he drags Will's mouth deeper and deeper on his cock.

Will almost gags but Hannibal doesn't really care about the boy's comfort.

“You were curious, weren't you? Now you can get your fill. By the time I'm done with you you'll never fantasize about any man, except me.” And he punctuated his sentence by dragging his cock in and out of Will's mouth.

Will almost feels like throwing up, his gag reflex working overtime but then he remembers Hannibal's advice and tries to breathe through his nose and swirls his tongue.

Hannibal's responding groan erases all thought of vomit from Will's mind and he slowly falls into the rhythm Hannibal sets for the two of them.

Will uses his teeth to scrape against Hannibal's dick and gets choked by the massive cock, the top almost kissing the back wall of Will's esophagus.

Hannibal smiles as how well his pretty baby was doing, all pliant and submissive for him. He takes his free hand and pushes it against Will's throat to feel the movement of it as it tries valiantly to adjust to Hannibal's sheer girth and length.

“That's it, you're doing so well.” Will moans at the praise and Hannibal groans in appreciation as the noise travels through Will's mouth to his dick.

Hannibal fucks into Will's mouth erratically after that, in and out, the sounds of Will's mouth pooling with saliva resonate in the empty room as Hannibal huffs and groans, only focused on chasing his own pleasure. Will is denounced to a cock-sleeve, and he doesn't mind it at all, instead his mouth relaxes even more, as if begging Hannibal to abuse his mouth even more to which Hannibal obviously obliges, no questions asked.

He's gripping Will's hair so hard that Will has to arch up to avoid Hannibal tearing out his hair but arching up produces more strain in his legs and hands and so Will is stuck in a constant limbo of pain and pleasure and too soon Hannibal is spilling his seed right inside Will's throat.

Will chokes on the cum and some of it dribble out of his mouth but Hannibal doesn't pull out, instead he fucks through his own orgasm into Will's mouth, only pulling Will away by the hair when he's on the verge of overstimulation amd his cock has grown soft.

Will whines and squirms but isn't able to stop himself from coming untouched. He coughs and gasps, desperately trying to find some semblance of sanity when Hannibal pulls away his dick from Will's mouth entirely — Will feels empty suddenly and looks up at Hannibal only to shiver in fear of what's to come as he finds Hannibal staring at him with eyes filled with lust and adoration.

As well as a bone-deep craving that has Will curling his toes. Hannibal looks like a predator about to eat his full, the poor lamb under his paw, just like he had wanted. Will thinks that he doesn't mind being the lamb for once.

Hannibal looks at Will's spent cock and the big stain on his shorts and a bit of Hannibal's shirt and smiles, all teeth and Will can't help but fall a little in love with the man's long canines that peek — an animal through and through.

“Remarkable boy,” Hannibal comments as he caresses Will's hair, soft and gentle again but Will isn't fooled twice, he knows a lot of pain and pleasure mixed in is in store for him.

Hannibal's next words confirm it, “I think I'll eat your heart.”

Hannibal takes off Will's prayer rings and helps the boy stand up only to pin him against the nearest wall and ravage his mouth again.

This time, both of them scramble at each other to get the clothing off each other. Hannibal smiles when Will loses his inhibitions and takes to scratching and biting Hannibal as they kiss and unclothe the other.

Will grinds against Hannibal's thigh and chupsing at the drag of friction, overstimulating him. Hannibal thanks the Lord that Will is young and thus has a quicker refractory period because Hannibal cannot stop himself from fucking the boy even if he were unconscious then.

Hannibal's body longed for Will's at an intensity that was depraved to say the *least.* Hannibal wanted to wreck the boy so thoroughly that he may never be able to think of anything other than Hannibal.

“I will leave such an imprint on your heart that anyone you entertain after me will have to know me, to understand you.” Hannibal states as they both state at each other, taking a brief moment of respite. Will is naked and so is Hannibal and so Hannibal can see the way Will's

skin erupts with gooseflesh. He smirks, thinking that he has rendered the boy speechless but then Will is winding his arms around Hannibal's neck and smiling, blissful and sated.

“I want to feel it…” Will takes a moment to complete the sentence and when he does Hannibal feels all his blood rush to his dick.

“ *Father* ,”

Hannibal almost growls as he grabs Will's ass and picks him up against the wall. Will instinctively wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist.

Hannibal puts his dick against the boy's entrance without much preparation and pushes in — Will *screams* . Loud.

Hannibal is sure if anyone were to be present in the church at that time that they'd be able to hear Will's scream and then he decides that he doesn't care at all.

He slides in, slowly but surely, puncturing all breath left inside Will. Will gasps and scratches Hannibal's back with his nails as he tries to adjust to the massive length speaking him open against the wall like he's some cheap whore of the town.

Hannibal stills, just for a few seconds letting Will catch his breath before pulling out almost to the head and then thrusting in, hard and fast.

Will hiccups at that motion and wails. Tears spring up again and Hannibal gladly licks them away, enjoying them as some sort of beverage with his meal.

Hannibal sets a brutal pace and Will is only left viable enough to scream *‘father’* which eggs Hannibal's even more and *‘please’* which also makes Hannibal thrust in deeper, faster and harder.

Will's body thumps against the wood behind him and it would be obvious to anyone listening that he was fucking the priest of the establishment the poor people had prayed in a few hours ago.

He wondered if this was sullying the image of God and then didn't care enough about anything when Hannibal took Will's nipples in his mouth and bit and sucked on them.

Will could only grind against Hannibal's body, trying to find some semblance of sanity but failing miserably.

Hannibal's dick was fucking him stupid and all that was on Will's mind was how much he had wanted this for such a long time and how he'll never be able to pretend everything was normal, *ever again* .

Hannibal held up Will with only one arm and started jerking Will off in time with his brutal thrusts. Will could only moan unabashedly and take it.

Hannibal made sure to praise the boy for the good work he was doing. He looked absolutely ethereal; fucked out of his mind, sweating and smelling of sex, drooling saliva and everywhere Hannibal put his teeth and tongue to, tasted heavenly.

Hannibal wanted to fuck the boy in front of the entire world so that everyone could experience divinity at least once in his life.

“ *Please ah— Father, Hannibal* come. Come in me, please. Please, *please—* ” and Hannibal had no qualms in agreeing to such a sweet wish.

Hannibal grabbed Will's ass, there sure would be bruises there the next morning, and fucked up into the boy, letting Will's body weight and gravity do the work as he manhandled Will.

Will's eyes widened at the penetration Hannibal was pounding into Will's prostate repeatedly and he could almost feel Hannibal's dick upto his throat again. There was also the imprint of

Hannibal's dick moving inside him, easily seen through the swelling in his skin on his abdomen.

Hannibal noticed it too and pushed his thumb into the area where the dick was swelling as well as abusing the boy's prostate with his sharply timed deep thrusts and then Will was coming; his cum splattering between them. His entrance clenched and Hannibal too came inside the boy, the right whole milking him for all its worth, greedy for Hannibal's semen inside him already.

Hannibal was *so deeply* enamored with the boy.

As then both came down from their climax their mouths sought out each other again, languidly kissing, exchanging spit and blood from the wounds they had made previously.

It was messy and *magnificent.*

“I don't think I'll ever be cured of my disease now,” Will muttered, his brain distracted and Hannibal laughed as he brushed Will's sweaty curls away from the boy's forehead.

“We’ll have to try this again then, won't we?” Hannibal asked and Will's eyes sparkled as he looked at Hannibal.

He laughed right back and nodded.

“Of course Father Lecter, wouldn't want me to go to hell, right?”

Hannibal smiled, “Conniving boy, you can't rid of me that easily.”

Will hums and puts his head onto Hannibal's shoulder and promptly passes out.

Hannibal smiles and effortlessly brings both of them to the bed, he doesn't even try to pull out from the boy's warm hole, much too happy to keep his cock and cum inside the boy’s body as much as possible. And when some of the semen leaks out, Hannibal doesn't even care about the mess, instead making a beeline for the bed — when the boy would wake up, perhaps Hannibal would think about pulling out and cleaning the floors, perhaps they'd try to cure Will's disease again, but for *now* , his beautiful thing needed sleep.

When Will wakes up next time, he's upside down in a tight space, his body aches with what was done to it only hours prior and now it seemed that Will was being used as a fuck-slave again.

Hannibal was not a pious or charitable man Will Graham found out because he hadn't even gagged Will's mouth as he fucked into his hole in front of the whole church congregation.

He knew he was being fucked in the church in front of people because the noise of people praying reached his ears. Hannibal was preaching it seemed — as well as using Will's body as a cum-whore at the same time.

Will wondered how exactly the man had manipulated his body to fit inside the lectern. And how exactly was Hannibal fucking him in front of the people sitting in the pews was also beyond him.

Will couldn't move and thus he didn't see that the lectern was draped with a curtain and Hannibal had very conspicuously put his dick inside into Will through a hole in that curtain.

He was always wearing flowing robes, as most Priests do and so the people who were focusing on reciting their prayers did not notice anything odd about the whole affair. And Hannibal could thoroughly enjoy Will's tight hole by fucking slow and steadily into Will as much as he liked, without the people being none the wiser.

Hannibal knew that Will had woken up because Will's ass was now squirming and he angled a thrust right into Will's prostate that made him gasp and put his hands against his mouth so

that no sounds escaped his mouth. Will grinded back into Hannibal's dick, taking more than he was being given in an act of defiance.

Hannibal's voice didn't waver *once* , even when he found out that Will was now grinding back but Hannibal did quicken his pace. Will had to then *actively* try and stop his moans from escaping — the fact that anyone in the church could hear what he was doing and find out how filthy the two of them were had Will desperately chasing his climax that was arriving much too soon.

As the prayer finished and the people slowly departed from the church, Hannibal grabbed the opportunity to pull away the curtain and see Will's glorious pale ass in front of him, his pink hole puckering and shaking with the effort of keeping Hannibal inside Will's body as much as he could.

Hannibal couldn't help but spank Will, right on his ass-cheek, the slap responded in the church because of its architecture and Will gasped and cried at the burn of the slap against his skin.

Hannibal had purposely avoided Will's prostate the entire time the people in the church were reciting their prayers because he wanted to drag the moment out, however, now that no one was in the church except them, Hannibal fucked into Will after that like a man on death row digging into last meal, or like an animal having a rut — hard and fast and with a punishing pace, precisely hitting Will's prostate with every thrust.

Will could only take it like he was born to, cramped in that small space, his bones aching but feeling too good to stop. He was moving backwards too, to meet each of Hannibal's thrust and moaning sweetly at the priest setting his body alight with pleasure. The sounds of their skin slapping and making contact with each other was like music to Hannibal's ears and he couldn't help but spank the boy who was perfect for him *even more* , adoring the way his milky skin would turn red, in the shape of Hannibal's hand. A brand. A claim.

Hannibal came with a groan upon seeing Will's body adorned with his hand-shaped claim and angled his last few thrusts perfectly that Will was shortly following him.

Will’s climax almost made the boy faint — his vision filling with white and his whole body trembling from the sheer amount of pleasure he had experienced in too short of a time.

Will moaned and cried, his body crumbling to a heap on the floor and he was thankful when Hannibal gently took him out of the cramped space, wrapped him up with the curtain that was hiding the lectern.

Hannibal held Will close to his chest in his arms and satiated as well as safe once again, Will passed out again.

Hannibal chuckled again as he kissed the boy's forehead. He wouldn't conduct prayers anymore and he was sure that by the end of the week they'd be back in his hometown so that Will could live a life of luxury like he deserved, as the companion of a Count and so Hannibal used the last opportunity he had got to fuck Will in front of churchgoers.

When Will would wake up in the evening, Hannibal would lock up the church and fuck the boy in front of the altar too and that will be how they'd spent their lives — fucking and loving each other.

Hannibal would make sure to be Will's accepting God from then on.

End Notes

Kudos, comments and bookmarks (hehe yeh I know y'all) appreciated!!!! Mwah <3 Love you all ! Follow my TWITTER for more crazy fics and hannigram insanity :P

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